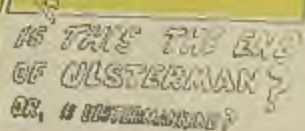
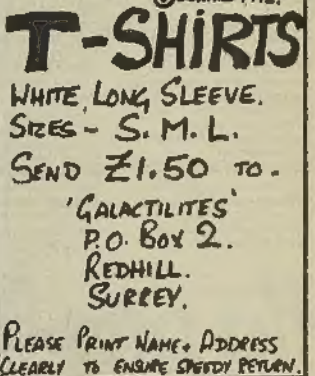
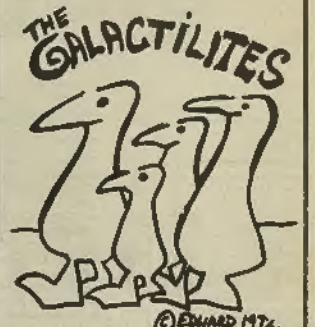
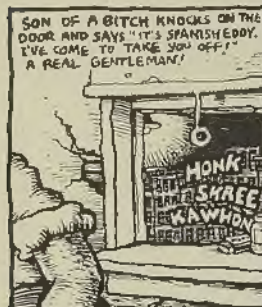
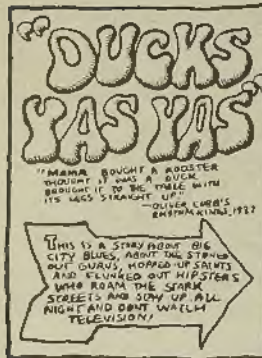


OLSTREAK



BELFAST: These posters, designed and printed by kids in the Bogside area, have recently appeared on walls and other convenient hoardings.



place is coming. because

Dear IT:

"£25 reward for information leading to the arrest of anyone found with drugs in their possession."

The curts have done it again! Not only does the management of the 'Magdala' Lordship Lane, SE22, water down its foul beer for which it charges 22p per piss-pint, but it displays the above notice on every available surface.

The hypocrisy of the trendy, from "N" to "T", the occasional hairy arse-bandit, is another feature of the 'Mag' which won't recommend it to anybody but similar spineless turds. Not so long ago this bearded and bejewelled motherfucker was happy to accept his quid deal of this (or that) large deal every Thursday. A few months back a regular dealer, known for his good deals, turned up to be greeted by this shite, with the words "Fuck off, we don't want you or your drugs in here." The dealer was busted a week later leaving the 'Mag'?

How this same DJ has the fuckin' cheek to play Hendrix, Hawkwind, Stones etc. at high volume in an (unfortunately successful) attempt to attract fags to the place would be beyond comprehension unless a load of bread is being conned outta the local heads. The regular improvements to the decor (puke! spew!) would seem to suggest so, as would the £25 bait for would-be Judases.

Now there is more than well-founded suspicion, that the 'Mag' is infiltrated with "hippies" from the local pig-pen.

You have been warned—leave the 'Mag' to the straights!

The Rescuers

Dear IT:

I've been thinking what I'm going to do when I get £2,000. I'm going to advertise in OZ, IT, Mole Express, Muther Grumble, Fapto, Snail and so on all over the Alternative Press. This is what the ad would say:

"How would you spend £2,000 given that the effects of your spending must be (as many of the following as possible):"

- (a) long term;
- (b) mind-blowing, enlightening or consciousness-expanding for the largest number of people possible;
- (c) evolutionary, say towards building up Alternatives to the present system;
- (d) or towards relieving the oppression of the largest number of people possible;
- (e) or towards bringing the largest number of people possible back into harmony with the environment;
- (f) and so on, you get the idea.

"£2,000 offered to the most realizable and imaginative plan (to be selected by Happy, Richard Neville, Germaine Greer, Phil Cohen and

Nicholas Saunders, or some such unlikely combination of notorious/trendy/radical/trustworthy/alternative people).

"Total secrecy and anonymity promised if you want it. Otherwise all the plans sent in will be printed in book-form so as to inspire people as to possible future developments of the Alternative Society and so with luck to reach other people with money to spare, or to bring together a group of people who like the plan enough to work for its realisation.

"Send your plan to Box 2000, c/o Time Out, 374 Grays Inn Road, London WC1 and don't forget to say if you mind it being printed or to put in brackets any particular bits you'd like left out."

The trouble with the above is that it doesn't look like I'm going to have £2000 for a long time to come, so if anyone's got £2000 who likes this scheme and would like to start the ball rolling, go right ahead; or if you want me to arrange it for you, contact X, c/o Box 2000, Time Out, etc.

Dear IT:

Are there still any of you crabs who still believe in the fight against racism, the class system and exploitation?

To me it seems that active opposition to these things has just about seized up in this country. I'm speaking to you creeps who advocate peace. Peace is now just another name for apathy. Being peaceful is playing into the hands of the pigs. They are probably happy about the peace movement as they then don't have to worry about serious opposition to their policies. Supporting peace is a negative attitude and cannot change this (and other) capitalist societies. It doesn't do anything to help the poor and starving, the degraded, and those who are discriminated against. It only makes the best of a crap deal for you and doesn't care a fuck about anyone else.

On the other hand waging a guerrilla war against the pigs makes them sit up and take notice. It tightens security and makes a country more like a dictatorship and this provokes

a backlash from the ordinary people and those previously apathetic (e.g. the IRA has had more support in the last few years than probably any time since the end of the civil war).

Even America, the world's largest bastion of fascism has got the Weathermen, etc., and plenty of hijackers.

Remember, it's better to die on your feet than to live on your knees.

Power to the people
Lero
Phobos, near Mars

Dear IT:

Having just read the section dealing with the Law in yer Book of Drugs, I was astounded by the stiffness of sentences for such everyday things as having acid, etc.

I think I can understand the authorities concern (?) for the 'well being' and 'health' of us, their children (they want the next generation of powermongers in a fit state to rule) and their reasons for outlawing dope (it may lead to moral and physical deterioration, etc.), but aren't

they being a wee bit hypocritical, specially when tobacco and alcohol are being so heavily advertised when THEY are a greater menace to this 'well ordered society' than our bendish dope? (And when there is more illness caused by sheer paranoia wondering when the pigs are gonna come busting down the doors, than through burnt trips themselves).

Such inconsistency is what we can always expect from those mighty men who consider us mere pawns in their big power

To a depressing future
Love & peace
David Robinson
c/o Charlie
143 Waterloo Road, Preston

Dear IT:

The following are some notes concerning John Carding's piece on Angela, the Stoke Newington 8 and the German 'Red Army Faction' (Baader-Meinhof Group) in IT/132. Sorry about the delay—it's not easy to buy your paper regularly over here.

The 'Red Army Faction' (RAF) started off at the time of The Great Stalin Follies (1969/70) when the German New Left wrote off its anti-authoritarian past in a most cynical way. The poor young souls of the student movement felt so all alone "on the way to the futherless society", they were dying to have somebody to direct them, tell them what to do, give them orders. So they ran all the way back and around the corner to put on Leninist Party masks and proletarian avantgarde dresses, came back into the light and gave themselves proletarian avantgarde orders. John Carding, viewing them a

distance, seems to take the RAF for an alternative to this, not as a part of it, the extreme of the brainblock, which it really is. How else the White Panther Party could have gotten in on this I can't imagine. Anyway, it's some kind of an injustice to Angela and the Stoke Newington 8 to put them under the same global tag.

The RAF belongs to a scene where student milieu pub lefties carry around their "position on violence" the way American campus liberals used to carry their J.D. Salinger pocket books, displaying the unlikely, yet typically German cross between Joe Stalin and the you-stepped-on-my-flowers-narcissism of temporary Boheme. They HATE Yipple gags. They take no guff when they strut their stuff.

Maybe John's assessment is based on the reasonable yet maybe somewhat ignorant notion that anti-institutional violence, if it happens in Germany, just has to happen, OK?, and that anybody's who's chased by men in German uniforms just has to be following a worthwhile cause.

All power to the people
Norbert Rod
1000 W Berlin 62
Crellestrasse

LETTERS

the people are making the peace

Ark Concert Presentations Present-

Rock At The Oval 1972



FRANK ZAPPA HAWKWIND

SAT. 16. SEPT. TICKETS £2.00
MIDDAY-9PM

From All Branches Of Harlequin Record Shops
The Oval

& One Stop Records 97 Dean St W1.
40 South Molton St W1.
2 The Square Richmond

HARLEQUIN

record shops D1-636 1348

CORNHILL 74 Cornhill
LUTON 12 Arndale centre
BOW LANE 4 Bow Lane
CANNON ST. 129 Cannon St
LIVERPOOL ST. 41 Liverpool St.
MOORGATE 121 Moorgate
CHEAPSIDE 116 Cheapside
FENCHURCH ST. 150 Fenchurch St
BALHAM 168 High Rd.
OXFORD 12 George St
CAMBRIDGE 4 Bridge St.
BEDFORD 97 High St.
EPSOM 16 High St
CAMBERLEY 14 Princess Way
CHELSEA Drug Store, 49 Kings Rd

FLEET ST. 167 Fleet St.
50 Fenchurch St.
HIGH HOLBORN 36 High Holborn
BROMPTON RD Escalade 187
MAIDENHEAD 7 Nicholson's Walk
GUILDFORD 14 Tunsigate Square
READING 23 Union St.
57 The South Mall Bury Centre
WEST END 67 Gt Titchfield St.
OXFORD ST. 201 Oxford St
MARBLE ARCH 527 Oxford St
NEW BOND ST. 119 New Bond St
BERWICK ST. 96 Berwick St.
HAYMARKET 35% Haymarket
VICTORIA 28 Strutton Ground

TICKETS BY POST FROM HARLEQUIN RECORDS
67 GT TITCHFIELD ST LONDON W1

THAMES VALLEY 3, FREAKS 1, PUBLIC 0.

WINDSOR: In the wake of Phun City and Glastonbury Fayre the Windsor Park Free Festival commenced on August 26th in a spinney just outside Windsor.

The cops, unable to estimate the number of people liable to attend had been directing arrivals to six totally different areas of Windsor Park, which is 6 square miles, but by Friday night some 60 freaks had congregated in one area—outnumbered 3 to 1 by the Thames Valley Police, who began complaining about the illegal nature of the proceedings, like camping, lighting fires and playing musical instruments which resulted in some busts. The tactics of passive resistance were adopted,

i.e. if a fire was kicked out it was re-lit, if you were told to move your tent you did but made sure you re-pitched elsewhere until they finally gave up. The anticipated Chicago-type confrontations didn't happen. One guy busted for dope was liberated by a White Panther who ran out of tree cover, grabbed his hand and disappeared into the darkness.

The WPs arrived in force and scattered themselves across the landscape in stoned disarray, but not before settling up their free food in operation.

About 200 people left the site to stage a passive protest (?) outside Windsor Polo Club where the D of E was playing polo. The original object had been to point out discrepancies



Photo: Tyn Tanley



in the law which forbids amplified sound but permits same for the privileged classes.

This happening was got together by long time street activist anarchist Bill Dwyer and Rachel, his old lady, while collecting signatures in opposition to the Night Assemblies Bill earlier this year, and Paul Pawlowski, the "Rev Father Fuck" of the Church of Aphrodite, but would never have got off the ground if not for the tolerance, patience and perseverance of Mac the stage manager, Malcolm from Release, Ernie the WP technician and all the people who preferred to participate actively rather than consume passively there, and plans for another event of this kind next year have been formed.



Mad Cop in Dope Scandal

LONDON: Chairman of the Police Federation, Inspector Reg Gale, one of the most powerful policemen in Britain, has called for a 'softening up' of the laws on dope. Gale, whose son was busted at Reading for cannabis and morphine, said that dope offenders should be treated in a similar way to juvenile offenders. (People arrested under the age of 16 are referred to a social worker who recommends treatment that does not usually involve the courts).

Gale said, "These people (users) are sick, not criminals. There should be an alternative to the policeman having to deal with drugs (nice play on words)". Gale then went on to talk about the friction between the police and young people and how much this was aggravated by enforcement of the drugs laws.

However, (before you get too excited), Gale would not take the obvious step of saying that Cannabis should be legalised, he refused to distinguish between

any drugs and said they should all remain illegal. Secondly, he persisted in making this crazy distinction between users (to whom he extends his sympathy) and pushers (for whom Mr Gale "had no time"). When it was pointed out that most dealers in narcotics were users supporting a habit he bumbled on about the distinction being one of motive.

Gale was speaking at the launching of an appeal for £100,000 being run by an outfit calling itself 'Action in Distress' (AID) (gettit). Last week, after Gale's son was busted, this gang of Christian fund-raisers suddenly jumped on the drugs bandwagon and on the drugs bandwagon and announced that they were launching an appeal to fund rehabilitation projects already in existence. Their knowledge of the drug scene is derisory (for example they did not know how many registered addicts there were), and their list of supporters include such well-known favourites as Sir Cyril Black, Dora Bryan, Muggeridge, Lord Rank, etc., etc., zzz, zzz.

Their whole organisation seems like a hype. Especially since there are already several bodies doing exactly this sort of work, the only difference being that the established ones have some idea of what they're doing.

Ivor Gaher

VILLA CROSS-SQUAD SWOOP

BIRMINGHAM: Recent events concerning the defendants in the Villa Cross trial (see IT 134 and 135) make it look as if a long drawn out legal battle is inevitable. Three of the men are now up on an additional charge of wilful damage to a vehicle, the property of Mr Barnes, owner of the Santa Rosa Club; eight of the nine arrested in the first raid have now been charged with conspiracy to supply cannabis on top of their possession and trafficking charges; and the five arrested later are waiting for their case to come up in Crown Court.

The nine came up in court on Friday 18th August; the case having been held over from the previous week to give the defence extra time, since on that date, 11th August, the police had introduced new evidence and the conspiracy to supply charge. On this occasion the case was postponed once more until 27th September to allow defence lawyers to cross examine police evidence at committal proceedings. As the remaining eight still out on bail left the court, police arrested two of them, Junior Miller and Victor Dean, in the presence of a bitterly angry group of friends and relatives. Some of the women broke down in tears as they were dragged away, but no attempt was made to interfere with the arrests.

Nevertheless the police then cleared the entrance hall of the courts using a dog. One of the defence solicitors who arrived about this time is reported to have said that he had known two more were due to be arrested, but as they were not

his clients he was not interested.

Junior and Victor came up in court on Saturday 19th charged, along with Graham, with wilful damage to that good old car. They were released on bail to the obvious disgust of the police, one of whom is reported to have said to them when they returned to the lock-up to pick up their belongings, "If you ever cross my path again, I'll lick you." Their solicitors had been prevented from seeing the two when they were arrested, because the police felt they "might interfere with our enquiries."

So the case drags on. The West Midlands branch of NCCL has written to the Home Secretary raising the question of the police handling of the whole affair and enquiring about the activities and accountability of the Special Patrol Group mentioned in last month's *Grapevine*. Several of the defendants have been checking in at their local police station at 7 pm every night since the raids in May, despite repeated attempts by the defence to get this humiliating bail requirement removed. If, as seems probable, the complexities of fighting the conspiracy charge, greatly lengthen the proceedings, they may still be going through this ugly routine at Christmas. Despite the bland assurances on a recent TV programme that police/black relations in Handsworth are getting better, this case only confirms the view that black people can expect little in the way of justice from the police or the courts in Birmingham.

Grapevine/UPS

NEW YORK: John Lennon and Yoko Ono can expect a decision on the deportation proceedings against them by mid-September, according to the US Immigration and Naturalization Service in New York. The verdict is subject to appeal and, if the appeal should also fail, special legislation by Congress is a possibility, says the National Committee for John and Yoko, also in New York. John is British and Yoko, Japanese.

The Lennons were admitted into the country on August 19, 1971, to attend a custody hearing involving Kyoko, Yoko's eight year old daughter by her previous marriage to an American, Anthony Cox. The court awarded the Lennons custody of Kyoko, but with the provision that she must be brought up in the United States, where she was born. John and Yoko have been trying to locate Kyoko ever since. Instead of complying with the court order, it is thought that Cox ran off with Kyoko. The Lennons have been unable (as of August 14) to find them though they are believed to be in this country.

The immigration authorities refused to extend the Lennon's visas. When they did not leave the country, deportation proceedings were started. John and Yoko have applied to become permanent residents of the USA. The government's position is that John is not eligible for admission to the country (though a special exception was made to enable him to attend the custody case) because he was convicted in England in 1968, of possession of a small amount of "cannabis resin."

The substance was found in a binocular case during a police search of the Lennons' London apartment and John was fined.

John testified that he did not know the stuff was there. Under US law, knowledge of possession must be proved, says the Lennons' lawyer, Leon Wilde.

The statute under which the government has turned down the Lennons' plea to stay also specifies "narcotic drugs and marijuana" and experts have testified that "cannabis resin" is neither.

The intent of the law was to deport aliens engaged in drug traffic in the US, says Wilde. He further points out that a thorough review of all the reported court decisions fails to disclose even one foreign conviction used as grounds for exclusion. At deportation proceedings in New York, distinguished witnesses testified to the Lennons' good character and potential artistic, cultural and social contributions to US life as residents of this country.

Many Lennon supporters have chosen to express their opinions on the case in letters to their Congressmen and Senators. The National Committee for John and Yoko, Box 61-3 Radio City Station, New York, NY 10019, would like to receive copies of any such letters or letters addressed directly to the committee. Petitions in support of the Lennons are being circulated by concerned individuals all over the country. Signed petitions should be sent to the national committee from whom petition forms and information on the case may also be obtained.

J.Y&NY- DECISION SOON



SPIKE, ALLENDE, AND THE CIA...

SANTIAGO, Chile (AFS): Chile's Marxist president Salvador Allende has proposed a world-wide disarmament campaign under which a large portion of the funds currently spent for warfare by the industrial nations would be used to aid Third World countries. Allende points out that \$220 billion yearly arms budget would go a long way towards removing the inequities between the most developed countries and the under-developed countries. The former have 40 percent of the world's population and 80 percent of its gross annual product, while the under-developed countries have 60 percent of the world's population and only 20 percent of its gross national product.

GLASGOW: The second issue of Scotland's excellent alternative newspaper, Spike, was heavily treated by Glaswegian police during its first few days on the streets. Several streetsellers were seized and copies confiscated; resulting in charges against and temporary imprisonment for three people. Outlaw, the legal department of Spike, issued the following statement last week:

"Brothers and sisters we ask your help. Support Spike and the u/g press, prepare to defend yourselves. The pig must be combatted. Don't let them harass you, if they do—complain. If you see them harassing anybody else don't rush past, it could be you next time. If you are a witness to pig harassment don't run away.

They won't treat you any better because you didn't interfere. Don't stand back, question them, ask why. Make your gathering places no-go areas; if the pig is spotted point him out. Raise the alarm.

"No matter what you may think of Spike as a paper you will agree that it has a right to be there. Support Spike and

fight back. Without you they will surely beat us. Defend the UPS. Defend yourself. Fight Back. Declare war on the pig."

PERTH: Nicholas Burke was a silversmith, so he bartered what he made for enough to live on. In February Perth Sheriff Court fined him over £2000 which he owed Customs &

Excise because he had not registered under the laws on Purchase Tax. He was supposed to pay £10 a week from now till 1988. Last month he was found dead with a shotgun lying near him. "Poul play is not suspected."

Spike/UPS

WASHINGTON DC (LNS): Five men were arrested at gunpoint in mid-June, after Washington DC police interrupted a raid on the headquarters of the National Committee of the Democratic Party. The five were equipped with sophisticated photographic and electronic gear, and at the time of their arrests, the files were rifled and the ceiling had been dismantled in order to insert bugging devices. Lawrence O'Brien, committee chairman of the Democratic Party called for a thorough investigation by the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The leader of the raid, Bernard L. Barker, seems to specialize in abortive invasions. During the Bay of Pigs Invasion of Cuba he served as the go-between from CIA headquarters to the Cuban exile army. He also played a part in setting up secret invasion bases in Guatemala and Nicaragua—all of the activities were conducted under the codename "Macho."

Now an American citizen and president of a flourishing real estate firm, "Macho" still maintains friendships from the Bay of Pigs days—with men like Captain Manuel Arttime (military leader of the invasion) who has become a prime link between gusano (Cuban exile) businessmen and the Republican Party in Miami. At the time of the arrest, Barker gave his official address as the office of his business partner, Miguel Suarez.



**CARNEY
LEON
RUSSELL**

A ROCK 'N' ROLLER COASTER



RCA Records and Tapes

*"Nothing is more beautiful than a guitar,
save perhaps two . . ."*

CHOPIN

Together

Julian Bream
John Williams

SB6862



Algerian police last week raided the home of Eldridge Cleaver in Algiers. Even Cleaver does not call it the International Section of the Black Panther Party any more, though he probably has another name for it by now. The raid reflects the growing lack of hospitality towards Cleaver by the Algerian government. Cleaver arrived in Algiers in September 1970 after skipping a murder charge in the USA and since then things just have not gone the way Cleaver wanted them to. First of all he seems to have lost the "battle" for the leadership of the Black Panther Party to Huey Newton—Newton said of the "hidden traitor renegade scab Cleaver" recently that he caused the party to lose almost all community support in the USA. "While he was in prison Cleaver offered only the choice between picking up the gun and winning the revolution or you are an Uncle Tom." Newton's comments seem to contain a great deal of truth, the people seem to have forgotten Cleaver and blind faith in the rhetoric of the gun with no other possible tactics. Unfortunately media freak Eldridge has not, and this is the root cause of his present problem. Much to the embarrassment of the Algerian government, who are in the process of making political overtures to the USA, two hijacked US aircraft recently arrived in Algiers, the hijackers wanted any ransom money they got to go to Cleaver. This was too much for President Boumediene and his government. The money was returned to the US government, and his reaction is shown in the following open letter to President Boumediene. The result of the raid on Cleaver's home is not yet known.

To: His Excellency Houari Boumediene
President, Council of the Revolution,
Democratic Peoples Republic of Algeria.

Dear Comrade Boumediene:
During the struggle of Algeria for its national liberation, you were imprisoned in Tunisia, held under the threat of death, because of your uncompromising revolutionary activities on behalf of your people. Thus, I know, having experienced this extreme attempt to block you, you must have become an authority on the vicissitudes in store for those who undertake the arduous task of struggle against the systems of oppression. Recently, I had the pleasure of watching, on television, your triumphal return to Tunisia, the site of your imprisonment. You had gone full circle. History records few such cases of struggle against such odds, of the bitterest disappointment, of a nearly tragic execution, and then a triumphal return at the head of the government of your people.

It is because of your personal experience in struggle, the privation and opposition which you suffered, and your dedicated perseverance to final victory, that I am addressing this letter to you, with full confidence that you are equipped by experience to understand with hope—that you are inclined, as befits a revolutionary warrior for the liberation of his people, to be sympathetic towards those who are still locked in struggle for the liberation of their people.

I trust that you will not be offended by my making this an "open letter" to you, because no offence is intended. My main reason for making this an open letter is that at least I can be assured that it will come to your attention, which is something I cannot say with the same confidence about my other attempts to

communicate with you recently. Indeed, the members of the International Section of the Black Panther Party find it almost impossible, these days, to communicate with any member of the Algerian Government, with the exception of those at the very lowest levels who have no information and who are unable to resolve even the most trivial problem. But beyond these considerations and perhaps most importantly of all, the recent developments, involving the Algerian Government, the Government of the United States, the International Section of the Black Panther

Party, and the Afro-American Liberation Struggle, pose a number of questions to which many people in the world require, demand, and deserve answers.

The establishment of the International Section of the Black Panther Party, which was officially opened on September 13, 1970, was an historic advancement for the Afro-American Liberation Struggle. This marked the first time in the history of the Afro-American people that we were able to consolidate a foothold on the

international level in a friendly country where valiant people waged a heroic war of liberation from French colonialism. It marked the first time in history that Afro-American Freedom Fighters succeeded in establishing machinery to serve the struggle of our people, beyond the reach of the fascist imperialist forces of the United States ruling class.

The Afro-American people are a people of African descent, whose forefathers were kidnapped by slave-traders, uprooted from our ancestral Motherland of Africa and cast down into the bottomless pit of inhuman slavery in the United States of America. So that it was with a triumphant spirit of "homecoming", of return to Africa, that we undertook the establishment of the International Section of the Black Panther Party. We felt that a vital link had been forged, that we were amongst our brothers and sisters of Africa, and that from this small beginning we could build a mighty unity between our people, who are trapped and struggling in the bowels of the beast of U.S. Imperialism and Fascism, and our brothers and sisters in Africa who are struggling for a world of freedom and peace, in which all the children of Africa

can enjoy the fruits of a life consistent with the precepts of Human Dignity.

The Afro-American people will always be grateful and we will never forget, that the Algerian people and government, and you personally, President Boumediene, extended to our struggle this helping hand in our hour of need.

The Afro-American people are fully determined to carry out our struggle from brutal fascist oppression and exploitation, until final victory. Nothing can weaken this resolve. In the last, for if we were to compromise our struggle at any point, it would be a betrayal of the blood of our people, spilled in torrents for over four hundred years and a sacrifice of the future, bequeathing to our children the chains that now bind us. This we shall not do.

In concrete terms this means we shall continue to fight, using every means available to us, which we judge to be in the interest of our struggle and consistent

with revolutionary principles. We believe that our struggle is a profound contribution to the struggles of the other oppressed people of the world and to the independent countries of the Third World, who are struggling to free themselves from the new yoke of neo-colonialism. At a time when the fascist imperialist government of the United States headed by the arch-fiend of this century, Nixon, is raining rockets, missiles, and genocidal death down upon the noble Vietnamese people, financially, politically and militarily supporting the lackey Zionist state of Israel against the just aspirations of the Palestinian people, supporting the racist regimes of South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, and the Portuguese colonialists against the African peoples, propping up reactionary regimes all over the world and bank rolling death and destruction—at a time like this, when many countries with glorious revolutionary traditions and traditions of struggle and support for the struggling peoples, are abandoning the field and making a separate peace with the enemy, we feel that revolutionaries and those fighting for the liberation of their people must make renewed effort, renew their dedication, and escalate their struggle at all costs. To do less will allow the enemy to consolidate his forces on a new level, carve the world up into new spheres of influence and erect new obstacles which will ultimately have to be surmounted by those determined to win victory over the forces of oppression and exploitation.

The Afro-American people fully realize that this is their historic moment

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER AN OPEN LETTER

of opportunity to strike a final blow for their complete freedom. And we shall not hesitate.

When I come to the specific question of the expropriation of American airplanes by American revolutionaries and freedom fighters, we feel, first of all, that it is an internal problem between the American peoples themselves, to be settled by them, and not by others who are only incidentally involved. However, for purposes of discussion, the most important point that should be raised—a point which the fascist imperialist United States Government goes to great lengths to obscure—is, why is it that the American people have resorted to this desperate measure? What is going on inside the United States that spurs the sons and daughters of America, and lately entire families and combinations of families, to take this fundamental step? It is the unbearable pressures of oppression and the high, dedicated resolve of those who are struggling to put an end to the racism, savage, inhuman atrocities, and coldblooded exploitation that give birth to these acts.

To carry out our struggle for the liberation of our people, as any and every revolutionary and freedom fighter fully understands, we must have money. There are no ifs, ands, or buts about that point. Without the money to organize and finance the struggle, there will be no freedom and those who deprive us of this finance are depriving us of our freedom. This is clear. It is for this reason and this reason alone and not because of any humanitarian considerations, that the fascist imperialist ruling circles of the United States are going crazy over the prospects of the one million and a half dollars (\$1,500,000) recently expropriated by American revolutionaries and freedom fighters, coming into the hands of the International Section of the Black Panther Party. Anybody familiar with the barbaric, blood-drenched history of the United States, from the genocidal extermination of the Red Men, the enslavement and slaughter of the Afro-American people, to the outrageous, fiendish war of aggression being waged at this very moment against the people of Indo-China, know very well that humanitarian considerations never enter the minds of the U.S. criminal ruling class, except as a propaganda ploy to serve and conceal their true aims of plunder, oppression and genocide.

The Afro-American people are not asking the Algerian people to fight our battles for us. What we are asking is that the Algerian government not fight the battles of the American government for the fascist imperialist ruling circles that are oppressing the whole of the American people. The American people as a whole are locked in a battle to the death against the forces of darkness, exploitation, and aggression that now hold sway in that land. We are fighting for a better world, not just for the Afro-American people, not just for the American people, but for all the people of the world.

The most renowned American symbol of freedom from oppression, which the American people went their country to stand for, is the Statue of Liberty, "Mother of Exiles" which has these brave words inscribed on its base:

Give me your tired, your poor
Your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free,
Refuge of your teeming shores.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-
tossed, to me.
I lift up my lamp beside the golden
door.

It is not the fault of the Algerian people, or the Algerian government that the

torch of freedom held in the hand of the Statue of Liberty is deprived of its flame by the oppression which the United States ruling circles heap upon the peoples of the world, the American people included. But it is to the greater glory of Algeria that the heroic struggles and sacrifices of the Algerian people constitute a magnet for the oppressed people of the world. The two hijacked American airlines, carrying a cargo of freedom fighters and money expropriated at the risk of death, were guided to Algeria by the magnetic attraction of a people who took up arms and made the ultimate sacrifice for their freedom and liberation. American revolutionaries and freedom fighters do not come to Algeria begging, but rather we came to Algeria because we knew that Algeria understood and respected the rights of oppressed people who are struggling and fighting for their liberation. In the past, during Algeria's war for national liberation, Algerian revolutionaries and freedom fighters had to turn to others for the assistance and aid which they needed, deserved and received. And history records the ordeals through which the Algerian people had to pass in this regard. We even notice that in El Biar, the central focus is named Place Kennedy, in honour of President Kennedy who spoke out on behalf of Algerian independence from the French colonial yoke at a decisive moment. But the present United States government is not headed by Kennedy, but rather it is headed by the man who was defeated by Kennedy when he ran for election to that office, a man who stands for everything that Kennedy was against and who was only able to wiggle his way into that office after President John Kennedy, the man whom you honour by naming one of your principal places after him, was murdered, along with his brother, Robert. So that I know that Algeria understands the value of assistance and support given to oppressed peoples as they carry out their struggle for their freedom and liberation.

Finally, I would like to say that I understand the pressure upon the doubtful, unprincipled fascist imperialist United States government is able to bring to bear, to force people to knuckle under to its demands. But this pressure must be resisted. To give into it will only feed its greed. In its lust to compromise others and suck them into the pit of reaction in which it has trapped itself by its own deeds and actions. In humbleness and in all sincerity, I think that it would be consistent with Algeria's traditions of struggle and revolutionary principles to continue welcoming American revolutionaries and Afro-American freedom fighters. Whether they come to your shores—or your airfields—peniless or with millions of dollars, because it all goes to build the world of our dreams. Also, Algeria should demand that other African countries do likewise because it is a part of Africa—the Afro-American people—who are asking you for this help, and to not let it be said that Algeria has turned its back on the struggle of the Afro-American people.

All power to the people,
ELDRIDGE CLEAVER



Mafia: the Long Goodbye

If one sequence in the 'Godfather' stands out as the key to the role and the style of the Mafia in America it is not the meeting of the bosses in the bank president's chambers, nor the final holocaust when all outstanding debts are duly paid with blood, though both these events have their obvious importance. It is Michael Corleone's visit to his homeland, to Sicily from which his father and many like him had come fifty years earlier and which had survived the passage of time virtually unaltered—as it had done for centuries previous.

The Mafia, the Cosa Nostra, the Honoured Society, whatever label is attached to what was once the most potent criminal force in America, is intrinsically linked with Sicily. Unlike England, where no invader has set foot on the soil for nine centuries, Sicily's history is interwoven with the succession of invasions which were launched against it by every powerful force in Europe as each of them gained



supremacy. In two centuries Sicily was subject to Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, Arab, Gothic, Normans, Angevins, Aragoneses and more. Finally, but not until 1860, Sicily became part of a 'united' Italy. By that time one more invasion, if a bureaucratic one, made little difference to a people well used to new laws and new rulers. However much the styles of ruling might vary, there was always one grim constant—the native Sicilians, the peasants who actually formed the mass of the Sicilian people, were right down at the bottom of the social ladder. Whatever a law might govern, and whoever might be administering it, it was the conquerors who had the power, the natives were merely convenient workforce and, when necessary, cannon fodder. When successive rulers might be Christian and Moslem there was no hope for consistency in law or custom. King Frederick II condemned adulterous women to have their bosoms cut off; his successor reversed the process and openly condoned adultery and the open pursuit of any females, married or otherwise. Over the years the actual Sicilians found that their only resort was to retreat from the oppressor, to go, literally, into the hills and the barren western areas of the country. Under a feudal system which persisted well into the nineteenth century, there developed a tight insularity among Sicilian families. When the alien government was to all intents one's greatest enemy, then those most loathed by that enemy were the most beloved of the villagers. Outlaws became powerful figures, unmarked by any outward show, but equal in local importance to the priest, and much more of active. In the classic Robin Hood style, they stole from the oppressive rich and donated a proportion of their proceeds to the poor. People never acknowledged their activities openly but they were known and their beneficiaries began calling them the 'amici'—the friends—or the 'uomini rispettabili'—the men of respect.

Despite the power of the 'amici', they did not seek to overthrow the foreigners who ruled their country. Typically aware that the removal of one set of laws always made room for nothing better than yet another and possibly even less equitable set, they

were content to plunder and, when necessary, kill. The unwritten, but nonetheless powerful law of 'omertà'—silence—maintained their anonymity. When caught they were treated with terrifying barbarity. One man was captured and brought to court chained hand and foot and with a final chain around his neck—he was forced to walk on his hands and knees like a dog and his neck chain was simply a lead. There was only one notable revolt in Sicily's history—against the French in 1922. A French soldier raped a girl from Palermo on her wedding day and a band of Sicilians hit back by massacring a troop of Frenchmen. As the news of this blow against the government spread the whole island joined in the butchery. Frenchmen were cut down wherever they were found; those who looked like Sicilians tried to hide but they were routed out. The test of nationality was the pronunciation of a simple word 'ciaci'—beans—which is apparently a problem for the French tongue. Those who couldn't pass their vocal test were speedily disposed of. Some claim that this revolt was the actual origin of the Mafia—taking its name from the cries of the raped girl's mother as she ran through the streets crying 'Ma fia, ma fia'—My daughter, my daughter. The French were decimated and they left, only to be replaced by another alien government.

Living in stone hovels, eking a precarious living out of a barren land, paying feudal dues or, after the amalgamation with Italy, being considered little more than animals by a government which still, coming from the North, was virtually an invader, gave little hope of fulfillment to the average Sicilian. Like so many other oppressed ethnic groups throughout the Old World, the Nevers and the Irish in particular, the Sicilians looked west, to the land of promise, to America. Initiated in the latter half of the nineteenth century the flow of emigrants increased until more than one million had left home and set out for new lives, in Canada, in South America, and above all in the United States. They arrived in New York and took up residence in what developed as Little Italy, the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. They staked out their own ghetto in a city that was already subdivided into specific ethnic areas. They started businesses, they began to prosper, and men of respect, remained men of respect, still big fish in a pond that was not only larger but soon proved to have an infinite variety of possibilities for a man who was willing to take the fruits of the new land.

Naturally enough for the first couple of decades of this century, the Sicilians were still finding their way around, building up strength, gathering power. In 1900 the Jews and Irish were the powerful gangs and also Johnny Torrio, a Neapolitan, and thus not strictly one of the amici, stood up for Italian crime. Pledging gangsters gained



their experience and their reputations on the streets in the vicious and dreaded street gangs, often acting behind the innocuous title of 'social club' or 'sporting association'. One such gang was the Five Pointers, another the Whyos, who emerged after the Civil War and established a set tariff for violence—it

ranged, on a properly printed sheet, from a couple of dollars for punching to a hundred for 'Doing the Big Job'. One could also have one's unfortunate rivals shot, stabbed (costs varied as to parts of the body) or merely punched or 'jacked out'—hit over the head with a blackjack. The Sicilian's contribution to war in the streets, which extended from teens through to eight year olds, was the 'rat job'—the slicing of the face from eye to ear, a cut that soon became so established as the Sicilian trademark, that other gangs, seeking to disguise their work, would imitate it on their victims. The word 'racket', as used among criminals and, of course, comes from the street gangs. The social and political with their attendant gangs, threw fund raising parties, known, with their brass bands and drunken revelry, as 'rackets'. The name stuck and fund raising, no matter how it was done and whatever the 'funds' might be, became known by this generic term.

It is in these political and social clubs that one starts to see the way in which criminals and government are inseparable in America. Without the rigid class systems that dominate Europe, and with a society that can tolerate rapid climbing and falling by any of its members, irrespective of origin, there was no separation from birth, as there is in Europe, of the governed and governors. Everyone grew up on the block together, some would become bankers,



others bank robbers. There was a good chance that they would remain acquaintances. Social fluidity made for a society unlike any that existed in the Old World. The man who wanted, would get. The Sicilians, unlike the Jews and Irish, who were more than happy to assimilate themselves and become Americans, did not forget their native way of life. Immigrants they might be, but there was no need to cast off the old ways; in fact maintaining them with even greater rigidity soon proved that among criminals, the Sicilians were becoming a powerful and tightly knit force. They did not attempt to govern, nor to reform. As in Sicily the men of respect prospered and ruled their own people. With the scope of America before them they widened their power bases. They did not aim to become judges or the senators, they just made sure on whose side these officials were. The venality of the American government was capitalised upon and to be a 'friend of the friends' was a benefit that few men chose to reject.

Top of the Sicilian respect list in the early years of the century came Frank Yale, alias Yale, whose activities by the age of 25 in the Brooklyn rackets brought him favourably to the attention of John Torrio and other big shots. 'I'm an undertaker', was his boast, and it confirmed his speciality, murder. His alter ego, the Harvard Inn, had Al Capone as bartender and Prohibition saw Yale organising rum running, establishing a gang of toughs for hire as strike-breakers and general enforcers and merchandising a brand of cigars, under his own name that were of such low quality that a 'Frankie Yale' became the byword for everything that was worst in a cigar. His main source of power and profit was his leadership of the



Unione Siciliana, a parallel group to the Mafia and later renamed the 'Italo-American National Union'—shades of Joseph Colombo's Italian American Society of recent years. Originally a legitimate fraternal organisation the Unione Siciliana was the first organisation to advance the interests of the immigrant Sicilians. Strength increased and with it came power in elections, wherever there were a number of Sicilians, a chapter was established. The diversion into crime came with the infiltration of the Unions by some New York hoods led by Ignazio Saitta, known as Lupo the Wolf, a pathological killer who carried out his executions in a room equipped with meathook for hanging up the bodies, dead or alive, and furnace for burning people alive. The Unione developed a dual existence, on the one hand a straight do-gooding organisation, on the other no more or less than a quasi-Mafia.

It was obvious to the emigrant men of respect that they were starting off in the new land at a disadvantage. Anglo-Saxon laws and attitudes held sway; money and power was in the hands of families who had been in the country for several generations. They needed a short cut and when the Volstead Act passed in 1919 and America went 'dry' by government order, that loophole had arrived. Sicilian customs and lifestyles may have arrived unaltered in America, but the men of respect had never had the openings before that Prohibition



offered, and which they grabbed with both hands. In an era when everyone from the White House down had their own bootlegger, and drink was consumed with the same rejection of the law marshall as today, the gangsters, of all sorts, had only one problem—how to make enough bootleg beer, whiskey or whatever else, to meet the enormous and continuous demand. Gangsters became national figures and newshawks whirled away the late shift by inventing picturesque nicknames to adorn their columns.

As the twenties progressed a change came over the Mafia. Profits and power took their toll of the Sicilian insularity which found it increasingly hard to stay intact when faced with rewards that America offered a rich man. A rift grew between the old guard, known as the 'Mustache Pates' (from their imposing handlebar mustaches) and the 'Young Turks'. Traditionally aloof from mainland Italians, the Mustache Pates were dominated by Giuseppe 'Joe the Boss' Masseria, bowed only to Pete the Clutching Hand Morello, who headed the whole nation's Mafia and had been granted the title of Capo di Tutti Capi (Boss of all the bosses). Ranged against them were the younger Mafiosi—Vito Genovese, a Neapolitan, Salvatore 'Lucky' Luciano and Frank Costello. They rejected the strict hierarchy with its Boss of Bosses and wanted to abandon the insular Sicilian exclusivity. In 1931 the Mafiosi split geographically—the family of Masseria, from Sicily in west Sicily fought the family from Castellammare in what has become known as the Castellammare War. For a while the Young Turks fought alongside their bosses but eventually Masseria was marked down for killing. Luciano lured him to a restaurant and then

prudently vanished to the lavatory while 'persons unknown' gunned him down as he played cards. In his hand was the seed of diamonds. Salvatore Maranzano for whom the Young Turks had eliminated Masseria, then announced that he was going to take over as number one. It was a fatal mistake—Luciano and Costello removed Masseria merely to pave the way for an immediate replacement. Maranzano made a list of those he considered rebellious and marked them down for execution. He wasn't fast enough and the rebels struck before he could move. Three years before Hitler's 'Night of the Long Knives' in Germany, the Young Turks had their own cleanup of opponents. On 11 September, 1931, and for the next two days more than 40 Mustache Pates were wiped out in cities all over the country. Maranzano himself was tricked by soldiers of the Jewish gangster Meyer Lansky who posed as policemen to get into his office. He died with four bullets in his body, six knife thrusts and his throat cut. Lucky Luciano took over and under him the Mafia took on the form it has kept up till now. Each boss was autocratic within his own area, and all bowed to a national commission of bosses—whose meetings were portrayed in the Godfather when Don Vito Corleone and the head of the Tattaglia family made their



peace. Co-operation rather than clannishness became the rule and many non-Sicilians became charter members of the Mafia, even if they were not truly 'uomini rispettabili'.

Of all the changes that have overtaken the Mafia in the post-war years possibly the most significant is the formation in 1970 of the 'Italian-American Civil Rights League'. The Unione Siciliana, sure enough, had been a similar organisation, but it is the words 'civil rights' that make this organisation, founded by Joseph Colombo, head of the Profaci family in New York since 1963, unique. Coming under the civil rights banner would have been unthinkable to a Mafioso of twenty, even ten years earlier. The Sicilian insularity had undoubtedly been modified as years went by, but no one of the Young Turks would have considered such a gesture towards traditional American, rather than Sicilian techniques. This kind of militancy, with a powerful pressure group which, among other things, has eliminated the word 'Mafia' from the American media in general and the Godfather movie in particular, ran in the face of 'omertà', it was positively garrulous. Some of their moves may verge on the ludicrously paranoid, after all, no one has ever alleged that every Italian American is a Mafioso, but it is the theory rather than its practice that make the League so important a phase in the history of the Mafia.

However rigid a society may be, however firmly it may hold onto its traditions even when they are transplanted three thousand miles, the simple passage of time must bring with it the

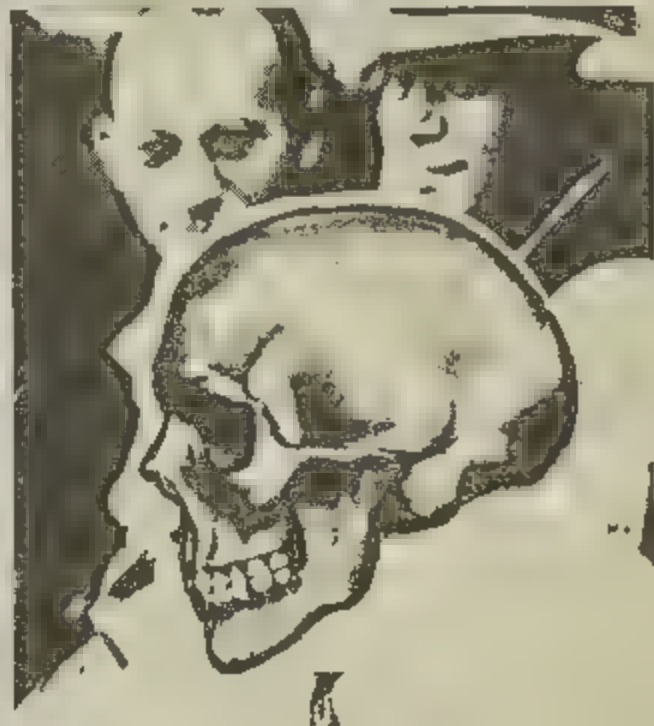


erosion of these attitudes. In the early years of this century the Italians, and in particular the Sicilians were right at the foot of the social ladder. Today they have been replaced by both the Blacks and the Puerto Ricans. They are no longer the novices in the great society, but rather by the standards of that society, among the veterans. As they have climbed the social ladder so have their dabblings in organised crime inevitably diminished. The 'Banana' war of the late sixties did

nothing but harm to Mafia strength and unity, the current struggles following the death of 'Crazy Joe' Gallo are adding to the divisiveness and must weaken the organisation as a whole. And above all there is the simple fact that yesterday's Young Turks have become today's Mustache Petes. Those Mafioso who were once the instruments of change have become barriers to it. The problem of whether or not to distribute heroin, which is a central theme of the Godfather, is a real decision that splits the Mafia. While they argue, other criminal groups of other nationalities move in and get on with the job and reap the profits. 'The streets will run red with

blood, Joey' promised Gallo's grieving mother at Gallo's funeral and indeed they are doing, but in the 1970s it appears that what Elliot Ness and his Untouchables failed to do, what legions of Edgar Hoover's G-Men never achieved may well be done by nothing more melodramatic than the passage of time. Like it or not Sicilians have become Americans and with the passing of their ethnic individuality, so too must come the end of their most conspicuous contribution to the American Dream

BY Jonathon 'Big Fats' Green



STINGING NETTLE SOUP

3 ozs young nettle leaves / 1 tablespoon butter or oil / 1 small onion, chopped / 1/2 lb potatoes, peeled and diced / 2-2 1/2 pints stock / 1 teaspoon mixed-fresh, chopped or green-dried marjoram, basil, sage / 1 dessertspoon fresh chopped or green-dried oregano / 1/2 tablespoon butter / 2 tablespoons cream / 1 pair rubber gloves!

WEAR the rubber gloves when you pick the young nettle leaves, but don't worry about being stung when you come to taste the dish, nettles lose their sting when cooked. Don't pick stalks just young leaves, wash these and allow to drip. Cook in a saucepan without additional liquid over low heat until tender. Allow to cool then chop. Sauté onion in fat until golden. Add potatoes and sauté again; add boiling stock. When potatoes are cooked, add nettle and all herbs. Allow to simmer for 15 minutes. Allow to stand in warm place for further 15 minutes. Before serving add butter and cream.

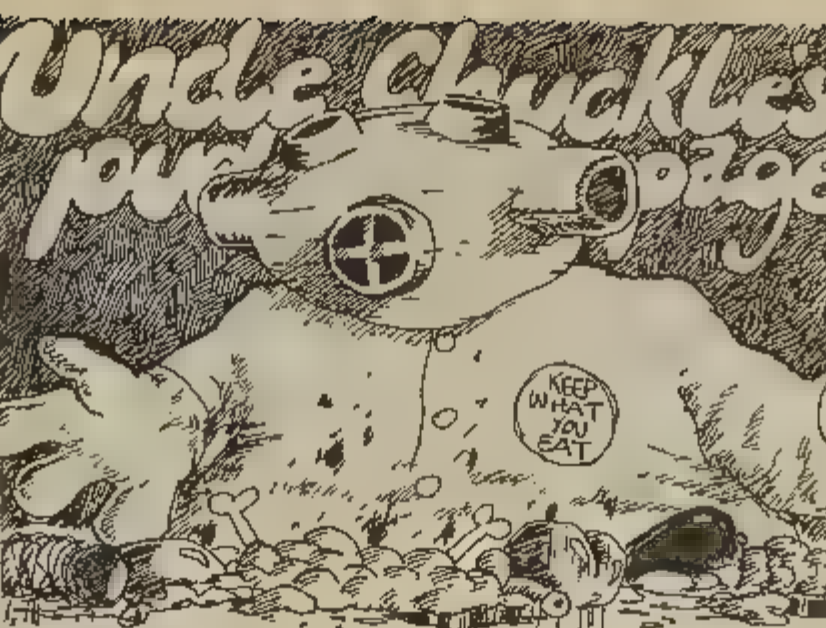
TUNA FISH CASSEROLE

2 lge tins tuna / 1 lb noodles (small squares) / 1/2 lb mushrooms / 1/2 lb sweetcorn / 1/2 lb tomatoes / 1/2 lb garden peas / 2 eggs / 1/2 lb cheese / mixed herbs, salt, pepper, butter

BOIL noodles until cooked in salted water, melt a little butter in a big frying pan, pour in noodles and mix in tuna, corn, diced tomatoes, peas, mushrooms, beat in eggs and grated cheese. Season with herbs, salt and pepper, heat slowly till all is cooked, add a little milk if looking too dry.

BAKE A BEETROOT

Instead of the usual boring boiled salad beetroot, hunt down some fresh beets, scrub them clean, but do not peel. Cook in a baking tin in the oven, much the same way you'd bake "potatoes in their jackets." They should really be cooked in a slow oven for about 3 hours, and when



cooked, peel them and serve hot with salt and butter.

OIGNONS GLACES

The small silverskin pickling onion, new white onions or the French grolots should be used for glazed onions. They should all be of the same size, peel 'em and sauté gently in butter until they acquire a very pale golden colour. Sprinkle them with sugar, cover with stock or water, and simmer until the liquid has almost evaporated and the onions are beginning to be caramelized.

WINE JELLY

Mix 2 tablespoons gelatine and 1 cup sugar, add 2 cups boiling water, and stir until gelatine dissolves. Add 1/3 cup orange juice (fresh) 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup sherry or madeira or 1/4 cup brandy and 1/3 cup kirsch. Goes too well with

cold chicken or turkey.

AVOCADO MUSSE

Put in a small saucepan 1/4 cup cold water, sprinkle over it 1 teaspoon gelatine, set over low heat and stir until the gelatine dissolves, set aside. Peel 1 large avocado pear, remove the pit and mash the pulp. Season with 1/2 teaspoon salt, few drops lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Mix gently together 1/2 cup heavy cream (whipped) and 4 tablespoons mayonnaise and garnish with tomato wedges. Serves 4.

(Boston Cooking School Cookbook—Fanny Merritt Fanner).

HONEY MUFFINS

2 cups barley flour / 2 teaspoons baking powder / 1 teaspoon soda / 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 cup creamed or canned

milk / 2 tablespoons vegetable oil / 2 tablespoons honey (overflowing) / 1 teaspoon vanilla / 2 eggs / 1/2 cup dark brown sugar

COMBINE milk, vegetable oil, honey and vanilla in bowl. Add beaten eggs and sugar. Mix well. Sift dry ingredients and add to liquid mixture. Pour or spoon into greased muffin tins (cake tins will do). Makes about 1 dozen. Bake at 400° F for 20 minutes.

FRENCH TOAST FOR ROGER'S SUPPER

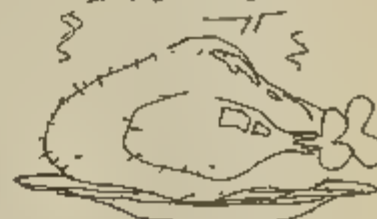
Beat up a couple of eggs with some salt, soak a slice of bread in the mix, sprinkle both sides with cinnamon and fry in little butter till golden brown. Serve for supper, brudder!

THE SOUTH OF SOUTH SOUTHALE PUDDING

4-5 ozs grated cheese / 4 ozs white bread / 2 ozs butter / seasoning / 1/2 pint milk / 2 eggs

CUT the bread into neat dice and put in a basin. If preferred make bread into crumbs. Heat milk and butter (do not boil) in a pan and pour over bread. Allow to cool slightly, then add the beaten eggs, and most of the grated cheese. Season well, pour into a pie or entree dish and cover the top with the remaining cheese. Bake for approximately 30-40 minutes in centre of oven at 375°F/Mark 4 until nice firm.

WHAT A COSY WAY TO SPEND CHRISTMAS



The Brinsley's new album

Nervous On the Road

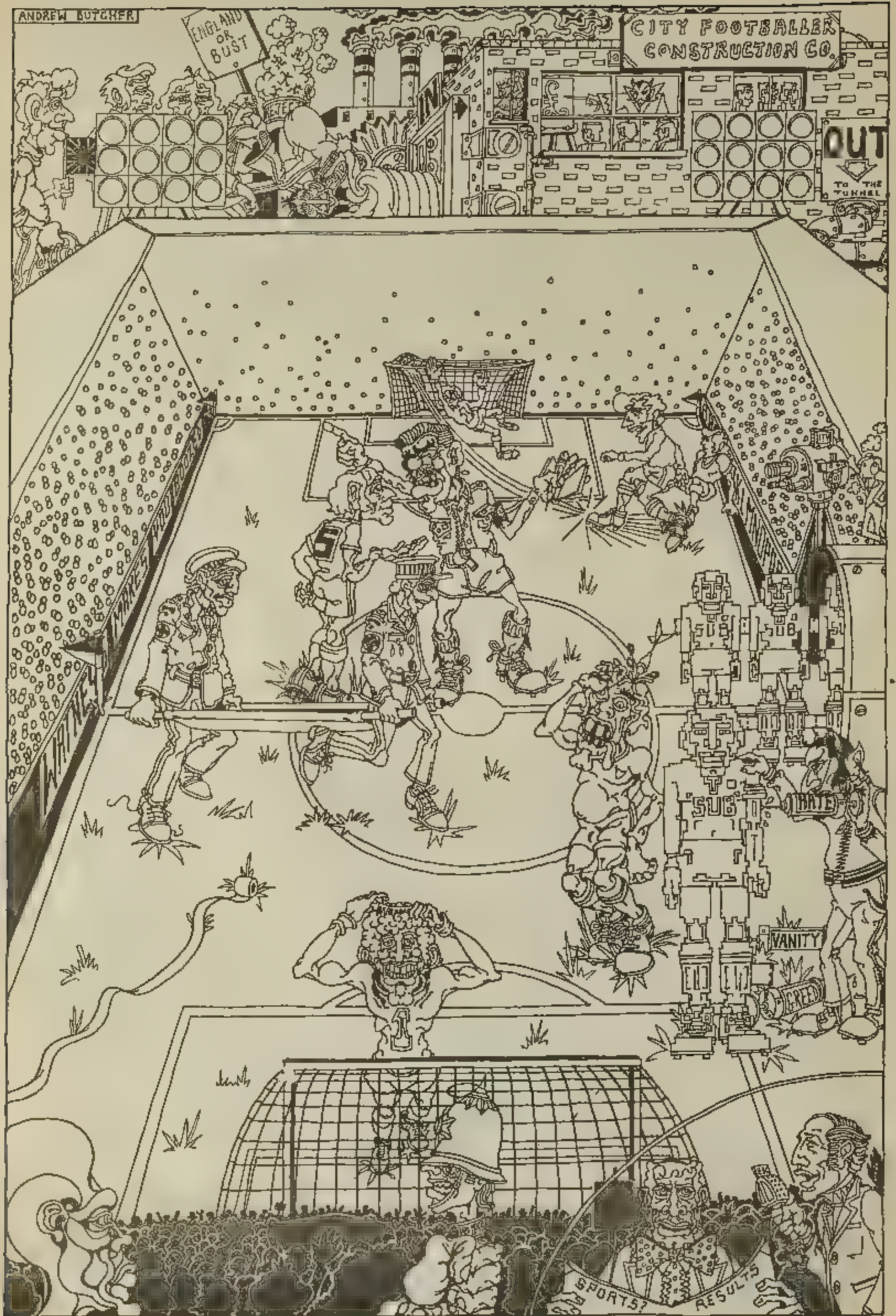
UAS 29374

follow-up
Monthly for the
GAY SCENE

a magazine
full of fun, features
fiction full frontals
and personal
celebrity interviews

IN YOUR SHOPS
OR DIRECT FROM

200d Railton Road
Herne Hill
London SE24 75p



STORIES OF THE SHEP

Just lately I've had this feeling that Sir Alf is going to stand down, which will be fine because I could do his job on one day a week. There's a gap in my life exactly his size. . . . Myles Palmer considers the coming winter

It is widely known that the England team manager's job was first offered to Jimmy Anderson of Burnley, who turned it down. Then Alf Ramsey took over. What is not so widely known is that the FA offered the job to me before Adamson.

My headmaster, bless his chalky sports-racket, prevailed upon me to decline the offer and stay on at school to do my 'O' levels. Looking back I can see now that it was a fatal turning point in my life. My opinion of Alf has never been classified information. Briefly, I feel that anyone who sends England onto the pitch with a midfield of Storey, Bai and Hughes should be cemented up to his knees on the terraces at Highbury, there to remain until Smiling Bob McNab scores a hat-trick of own goals.

Just lately I've had this feeling that Sir Alf is going to stand down, which will be fine because I could do his job on one day a week. There's a gap in my life exactly his size. It's a feeling that dates back a couple of years to when I met Jimmy Adamson. I was in Burnley to interview Ralph Coates, who made me realise the most vital single truth about team-building: really good forward players with skill, speed and courage are very, very scarce. They are invaluable. By comparison good midfield men are ten a penny. In the First Division there are a score of highly-skilled linkmen who can run all day.

But how many front men can take knocks, conjure shooting positions from nothing and pinpoint short passes in crowded penalty areas. Best and Osgood? Chivers and Marsh: on a good day? Certainly not Keegan or Channon or MacDonald or Garland, though I bet they'll score 100 goals between them this season.

Soccer today is better organised and more skilful than it has ever been, but the stars just don't seem to be the same. There sure isn't no one like flashfast heroic, larger-than-life Denis Law, the electric warrior from Aberdeen. In my student days I used to go to see him all the time. As far as I'm concerned Denis Law was the Sixties, he meant more to me than anything, even the Rolling Stones, cos I saw him more often. Pantomiming with linesmen over off-sides, explaining the rules to the ref, patting the goalkeeper on the head, saluting the inferno of noise with a clenched fist every time he scored, goal after goal rocketed in from every angle. He made us laugh so often, our hearts used to stop when he went down, time after time in

fearful collisions. You'd think Christ, he's really hurt this time. But he always got up, played on, with bruises, concussion, plasters on his wrist, stitches in his knee. He was what they called him: The King.

That excitement and atmosphere is something I missed when I came to London. Some of those floodlit games at Old Trafford were just crazy, jumping off the bus into streams of people running towards the ground an hour before kick-off. One match against Benfica, they won 3-2, under the scoreboard soared, elated black and blue as the crowd reeled and cascaded up and down and along the terraces. The terror that clunged those 60,000 people every time Eusebio touched the ball! You could smell it, touch it even. Getting the ball off him was the only thing that mattered in the world, and Nobby Stiles just about managed.

If Denis Law was the first footballer I watched on purpose, Rodney Marsh was the second. A few years back, when I lived nearby, I would make frequent trips to see the Clown Prince of Shepherd's Bush. One day, I kept telling myself, he will really do it. One murky Tuesday night in August my patience was rewarded, Rodney chose the visit of Blackpool to give us a feast that made the rest of the season taste like so many sour macabre crumbs. He beat them 6-1, in their promotion season! He scored the best hat-trick I've ever seen, including a dazzling banana shot from the edge of the area. He went down for a penalty which Venables scored. He dummied a cross from the right wing as two men lunged at him, the ball flying straight between his legs onto the trusty right boot of Barry Bridges. It wasn't a match, it was a procession. At such times you wish the English language had not been so consistently deceived by popular sportswriting. His story was not captured by TV cameras, and this night of nights lives on only in the minds of the 18000 who flooded out of the ground on a tide of blasphemous superstitions.

In the seven years I've supported Chelsea I've been able to observe the outrageous media bias against us, and their irresponsible attitude to the facts. Neutrals, for instance, have been brainwashed into believing that Chelsea are a bunch of chancers who robbed honest hardworking unlucky old Leeds of the F.A. Cup in extra time. But the months they took to wake up to Hudson con-

firms the often-suggested claim that the reporters don't go to the matches, they go to the pub round the corner.

Some have said the next World Cup is as good as lost, but that was before they knew I was going to take over the reins. There's no point in being secretive about my plans. I'm gonna keep Bobby Moore as trainer, to rush on the field as with a cold sponge and clean Alan Hudson's boots before all free kicks. Banks won't have a lot to do cos I've got Todd and MacFarland in the defence, plus Madeley and Parkin, up front we've got Osgood and Marsh tripping the light fantastic, and since England have always lacked speed I'm giving Ian Moore a chance. Ralph Coates can run faster on his knees than Lee can on his legs, so he is a certainty. John Hollins will be captain, as consolation for the five years he's missed.

I've decided to take on this responsibility because I feel it's about time I did something for my country. Not that I'm particularly patriotic. It did me no good, however, to watch England struggle against West Germany on TV to have to watch the blond Gunter Netzer streaking 60 yards down the middle of Wembley with not an Englishman able to get near him.

I figure there were millions of guys watching the same thing, and feeling just as bad as me. It was on the cards, cos we only managed a 1-1 draw with Switzerland, if you recall. You've probably repressed it, but I remember the highlight of the match quite vividly: their centre-forward runs through, Larry Lloyd falls in a heap, Shilton dives at his feet and misses. Bobby Moore falls over him, the ball rolls across and bounces off Madeley's heel for a corner. I find myself on my feet, shrieking hysterically at the screen: "C'mon the Swiss!"

It was that kind of game. Francis Lee tried to barge his way through their keeper three times and had his name taken, a good excuse for the look of pained consternation which is his most loyal ally. Poor Lee developed his agonised expression in Mexico, trying to work out why Alf was using 4-4-2 at all, a system which is fundamentally bankrupt and idiotic in this air where Peters and Charlton could not make those long runs

to the edge of the penalty area.

As England team manager I shall continue to see the same friends, see now and even live in the ghetto of Stroud Green, North London, fear I ever lose touch with reality. The only change will be the TV Soccer Watching Module, which is being welded onto the side of my flat as I write. It has a giant colour set, and luxury armchairs with built-in bogroll dispensers, to throw at the screen, and a red telephone which is a direct line to Jimmy Hill.

Although I've more or less decided on my team, I'm guarding against injuries by keeping an eye on underrated talent. Always hopeful, that style and intelligence will conquer brute force. I went last week to Arsenal for the visit of West Ham. The Gunners' ruthless and mechanical style of play is as dull as it always was, and McNab and Rice were their best forwards. The only goal was a penalty after 40 seconds after Rice collided innocently with a couple of defenders over a 50-50 ball. It was a typical travesty of home-biased refereeing, but the long-suffering Hammers fans just joked about it. "Total football!", they chirped cheerfully as Arsenal hacked the ball out of play. Needless to say Trevor Brooking, even on one of his less colossal nights, was by far the most stylish player on view, and Tommy Taylor continues to be my second favourite centre half.

From this distance, it looks like an interesting winter. At last I'll start moving at managerial level and give a few struggling sides the benefit of my advice. Manchester United seem to be settling in defence, with the influence of Buchan who is the coolest thing since bacardi and lime and a credit to the game. He can just get Frank O'Farrell to bring his defence on at 2.30 every Saturday, so they have time to wake up before the ref and the other players come on, then maybe the Reds can recapture some glory.

A swap of first division managers is a long-cherished dream and one which I'll engineer in the near future. Ron Greenwood going on loan to Liverpool taking Brooking to show Merseyside what educated midfield play is all about, and Bill Shankly bringing Keegan with him to West Ham for six months. I'll leave Dave Sexton where he is, though. I don't want to upset him, cos I'll be needing a lot of his lads.

ROCK'N'ROLL

BOB (ACE) WEIR (of the Grateful Dead) Ace (Warner Bros)

When I was talking to Bobby Weir earlier in the summer when the band were playing here, he told me that there would be "a couple of tracks you'll like" on his album. In fact there is only one track that I am not totally sold on, and as for the rest of the album it is, to my mind, a better album than American Beauty, the Dead's last studio album.

For a start it is primarily a rock and roll album, and that is probably why I can't really get behind 'Looks Like Rain' which is overly slow and sentimental.

Two of the cuts will be familiar to anyone who saw any of their concerts last spring, there is the single 'Saturday Night' which reveals how Weir's roots are planted solidly in Elvis Presley, and there is 'Playing in the Band', which is probably the most personal statement by one of the Dead since 'New Speedway Boogie', and can be summed up in the couplet:

"Let any man among you
With no sin upon his hand
Let him cast a stone at me
For playing in the band."

This album is sufficiently good that it becomes tempting to go into a lot of Weberian style analysis of how Bobby's given up drugs and how this affects the album, and his theories of God and humanity, but I think it's enough to say that 'Ace' is as good as anything to come out of the Dead family.

MICK FARRIN

NILSSON Son of Schmilsson (RCA)

It was somehow fitting to see Nilsson pick up his gold disc this year for the oozing ballad 'Without You'—supreme schmaltz gets the supreme schmaltz award. I doubt if it came as a shock to him, for sheer contrived schmaltz on the grand scale he beat all, even Neil Young.

The contents of his album, on the other hand, put him in the cult class as far as sales are concerned, but RCA believe in him enough to keep bringing out increasingly lavish jobs both in production and concept. Nilsson is a perfectionist, and consequently his sessions and sessionsmen aren't cheap (getting a burp to sound right on the new album took over half an hour).

The design concept of 'Son of—schlock horror movie—although interesting in itself, seems to be tacked on as an afterthought—the music is merely a more lavish continuation of what we have heard on 'Schmilsson'. Also recorded in London (he seems to like London), with many of the same people: Voorman, Chris Spedding, Jim Price and the same producer/aide, Richard Perry. George Harrison and Nicky Hopkins get a look in on 'Son of', but the only one to come through consistently is good of Peter Frampton. Nilsson got a free hand, but doesn't on the whole overindulge himself.

There are a few boobies like attempting Merrill E Moore's 1955 hit 'At My Front Door', but these are well balanced by the beautiful piece of homespun 'Joy' with Nicky Hopkins' impeccable saloon piano, and getting the Steppen and Pinner OAP massed choir whooping out 'I'd rather be dead, than wet my bed.' His old mentors McCartney and Randy Newman are acknowledged, (he gets away with ripping off the melody line of 'Blackbird' for his intro to 'Turn on Your Radio'), but he comes into his own with the sumptuous 'Most Beautiful World in the World', with Ditties' type Mexican

'Home is in My Head', his first Warner's album, came out in mid-1971 and did nothing. Although the arrangements (choir and brass) were excellent, and the feel was dead right (Funky LA with the BIG BEAT) it somehow flagged by the middle of side two. As Lomax sang: "It's getting much harder to play—today... 'Nuthin' ever seems to go my way." He is a loser, but he's not an evil-genius type loser like Jiff Beck, who can carry flickle English fandom during a two-year layoff by sheer force of personality, and still have them eating out of his hand.

'Third' is a sparse reversal of the indulgences on 'Home is in My Head'—in design, a serious stark wrapper with no credits or information, but the music is everything that 'Home' was striving for—simple, funky strength. Warner's (part of Kinney) don't seem to be straining themselves to fling it—there seem to be no plans to release a single, although there are three or four strong potential numbers on the album alone. So it's up to you—forget Slade, Gary Glitter and the like, and get Jackie Lomax back where he belongs. He's sitting in the States waiting to be asked back, and not just for old times' sake either.

benefits. Band called 'Mad Band' consists of 8 actors, 5 musicians, currently working on 'The True Story of Bobby Dicks' (The Whale). Writer: D Hinton, and Hairy Rammy, 61 Winterbourne Rd, Thornton Heath, Surrey 01 654 9339

GLEN—drums, tinopolis; Paul-guitar, John—organ, electronics, Steve—bass. Band called 'Glenning' urgently need practice space (cheap) willing to play anywhere for expenses. 2a Cooper Lane, Leyton, London E10.

YOUNG bass player for semi-pro band, into 80's, etc. Phone Jerry Wiggins, 500 6983 Chigwell drive.

DRUMMER with direction and feel for music to complete band of three in a total sense for the music. Willing to go all the way. No bread immediately. Tel 673-2621 Thurs-Fri evenings.

Thats all for now folks, BOSS.

leading into full shimmering strings and culminating in a breathtaking final Mouse Orchestra finale. Goodbye Harry, see you next album.

MAC

JACKIE LOMAX Third (Warner Bros)

English audiences have recently dogged off Led Zeppelin via the music press for 'neglecting' them in favour of pig-brad Yankee tours, but whatever the merits of this particular accusation, the sad truth is that this 'neglect' generally works vice versa. The case of Jackie Lomax is a good example—if English audiences have anything to do with it, the name Jackie Lomax will go to the Great Manager in the sky entwined with the words 'Sour Milk Sea.' The Apple single was a reasonable success and established him a name, but on the whole the album flopped.

After a spell in the States, he returned for another crack at the English scene with 'Heavy Jelly', backed up by the then ex-Mayall sideman, guitarist John Morehead (last heard of merrily wasted in Kenya) and Steve Thompson on bass. I saw them do a neat set of short, well constructed middle-weight songs at the Dusseldorf Festival in 1970, and I thought it would make them on the English club circuit. But due to either neglect or apathy, Jackie broke the band up and drifted back across the Atlantic again.

'Home is in My Head', his first Warner's album, came out in mid-1971 and did nothing. Although the arrangements (choir and brass) were excellent, and the feel was dead right (Funky LA with the BIG BEAT) it somehow flagged by the middle of side two. As Lomax sang: "It's getting much harder to play—today... 'Nuthin' ever seems to go my way." He is a loser, but he's not an evil-genius type loser like Jiff Beck, who can carry flickle English fandom during a two-year layoff by sheer force of personality, and still have them eating out of his hand.

'Third' is a sparse reversal of the indulgences on 'Home is in My Head'—in design, a serious stark wrapper with no credits or information, but the music is everything that 'Home' was striving for—simple, funky strength. Warner's (part of Kinney) don't seem to be straining themselves to fling it—there seem to be no plans to release a single, although there are three or four strong potential numbers on the album alone. So it's up to you—forget Slade, Gary Glitter and the like, and get Jackie Lomax back where he belongs. He's sitting in the States waiting to be asked back, and not just for old times' sake either.

benefits. Band called 'Mad Band' consists of 8 actors, 5 musicians, currently working on 'The True Story of Bobby Dicks' (The Whale). Writer: D Hinton, and Hairy Rammy, 61 Winterbourne Rd, Thornton Heath, Surrey 01 654 9339

GLEN—drums, tinopolis; Paul-guitar, John—organ, electronics, Steve—bass. Band called 'Glenning' urgently need practice space (cheap) willing to play anywhere for expenses. 2a Cooper Lane, Leyton, London E10.

YOUNG bass player for semi-pro band, into 80's, etc. Phone Jerry Wiggins, 500 6983 Chigwell drive.

DRUMMER with direction and feel for music to complete band of three in a total sense for the music. Willing to go all the way. No bread immediately. Tel 673-2621 Thurs-Fri evenings.

Thats all for now folks, BOSS.

smaller sales, despite the standard of material being just as high. Let me try to persuade you to buy, because only by doing so will we ensure the continuance of this really vital series. Not often do record companies put their necks out, and issue stuff that 'fans' want them to do. This is just this series, courtesy Simon Dee et al, and at £1.50 a nob, who's losing?

These two sets showcase King and Jewel labels from the US. King had a relatively short term into rural blues, and these tracks are collectors pieces from that period. Country Paul was a distinct attempt at recreating Lightnin' Hopkins; the beat is his, the voice slow and sorrowful, and the guitar a deep rich brown. He was not entirely successful in sales, but in producing a stature all his own he struck gold. His is a mood music, full of sadness and 'blues', and if you've an empathy with him, you'll love every rich rolling second. But for anyone, Sidewalk Boogie should getcha, describing the scene from the studio window as he recorded, accompanied by assorted street noises. On the sleeve he is described as being a 'sickly young man in his twenties', unhappily he died shortly after this session and these tracks have since been much sought after.

Willis also dies shortly after his set (King with the death kick) and we only have four tracks of his, which is a pity. He picks the tempo up from the start, but still with the foot slapping boogie beat, and his blues are far less mournful. A shouty vocal that is still very blue, but sidemen Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee (no less) ensure that things keep moving and Sonny's harp weaves away in perfect co-ordination with the Willis guitar. This was his last session, and all the more important for so being.

Robert Henry comes on strong by comparison, suddenly bursting forth on harp and piano (yes, at the same time!). He is (and I say 'is' for we think he at least is still alive), one of the very few who chose the combination, and he is by far out the best. His big, strong voice sounds youthful, yet confidently assured, and it's a sheer joy to listen to him. He generally follows Willis' tempo on his four offerings, but he is smoother, obviously responding to the city influences. His talent is immense, with neither piano nor harp suffering from the duality, and his lyrics have a nice subtle humour. Great.

For album 2, a roll on the drums, and into the opening of the show. Mr. McCain on accordion—sound-harp, blowing a cobweb duster instrumental called 728 Texas. This is the Louisiana address of Jewell-man Stan Lewis, and this cut and the whole album pays tribute to him, here with some of his lesser known products. Jerry's cuts are taken from one huge session around 1955, and it's amazing how many good things came out. First off, his voice, soaring towards the heights of Clyde McPhatter; and his wonderful mastery of both regular and chromatic harp; but perhaps above all, his wry humour. Dig titles like Homogenized Love, She's Crazy 'Bout Entertainers (the first group

son?), and his mock banalities of Sugar Baby. It's all too much; there is superb interplay between harp and guitar, and even the serious business of the blues gets a look in!

Frank Frost is a hole blow, but on his set, the holes are given to Oscar Williams, leaving the 'star' to sing and play guitar. Compared with McCain, his tracks seem to lack a sense of urgency, becoming almost merely competent rather than inspired. The harp is given pride of place in two titles, (the name of the whole album and Harp and Soul, Ugh!71), and Oscar blows wholly satisfactorily, but the track Harpin' On It is a bit of a cheat, as it is derived so closely from Henry Tork (which appears among Jerry McCain's collection).

To complete, two cuts by Arthur Crudup are latched on at the end. These were cut by a company so desperately wanting to fill a gap left by a departing Elmore James, they called on the Big Boy, dubbed him Elmer James (subtle, get it?), but with little sales success. They are not tremendously vital, but are interesting to see a Crudup without the constant 'That's alright now mama', and to listen to two more Sonny Boy Williamson accompaniments.

Despite any jibes in the above, both albums are superb value, and the second even more so if you are a harp fan like me. But my big criticism of the whole Juke Blues series so far, is the complete lack of discographical data. It's not only jazz fans who like to know who's doing what, when, and with whom!

MICHAEL J.

LEON RUSSELL Carnie (A & M)

Long lean Leon's latest outing on immortal plastic and its a complex trip as well. Life reflected as a carnival, a portable tent show always on the move, no roots, no mortgage, but plenty of heartbreak. Practically all the songs are written by Leon and he's produced it as well. For Leon this is presumably a way of seeing his own world, he's out on the highway, between some Nick town in Missouri and the bright lights of St Louis or Chicago or New Orleans or Los Angeles.

I'm up on a highwire, one side's ice the other's fire, It's a circus game between you and me.

He's up on that stage, trapped like a grey winged moth in the



beams of the spotlights, and out there with you and me in the audience are the pimps, whores, junkies, used car dealers, the figures of modern tragedy. The characters that people his songs, like 'The Queen of the Roller Derby' or 'Baby Jane', with the needle in her vein, are pretty solid, they occupy that area of big realism and fantasy that Jagger, Richards and Rod Stewart exploit so well. Leon's quieter approach to rock fits well with his aura of relaxation, someone who knows some of the score and surely knows it well. Its an album of piano band music, ripping out occasionally into a little boogie but nothing really unrestrained and instead its full of pleasant surprises like the honest to cajon feel of 'Cajon Love Song' on side 1. This bursts along with an accordion accompaniment, and peculiarly 'authentic' spaced intonation. You're right out there hauling in fish all day on a bottle of wine on Lake Pontchartrain. Then there's the real rocking feel of 'Roller Derby' with a riff that sounds curiously like the Stones, and there we are in Oakland on a Saturday night watching the big brightly suited boys and girls whistling round that Derby track, the sound of the rubber rollers like dumb thunder, the muffled catches, the explosive slap of blows as they hit, kick and maim each other to the delight of the folks in the bleachers. You can practically taste the popcorn.

Its certainly a beautiful piece of work and on Side 2 the Carnie cycle swings round to some of that good ol' introspection with 'This Masquerade' and 'Magic Mirror', look around you and catch the reflections of yourself perhaps they distort but all distortion is in the eye of the beholder isn't it?

For anyone who enjoyed 'Shelter

People' or 'Asylum Choir 1' and '11' there'll be no cause for complaint found here and if you haven't previously had a listen to Mr Russell, its time you did. I think you're missing something.

CHRIS ROWLEY

HERBIE HANCOCK Crossings (Warner Bros)

Perhaps one should not look only for originality in reviewing albums. Herbie Hancock has taken the leas of many other musicians and sleeve designers and produced 'Crossings' on the first hearing I thought "What a pretentious load of old rubbish", a somewhat hasty and arrogant reaction, I admit. On hearing it over a period of a week I've come to dig it.

Its akin to some of the later Miles Davis albums but uses a fuller electronic line up, giving a lustier sound with a little less 4/4 rhythm section. The first side is 'Sleeping Giant'. The piece alternates between frenetic cacophonies of pulses and long undulating whispers of their sound. The second side, 'Dueser' and 'Water Torture' the latter is in place skin to torture with almost unbearable pitch changes. My favourite track 'Dueser'... long drawn out and beautifully constructed with excellent trumpet work from Eddie Henderson.

Get well damaged before listening.

GES COX

GARY BURTON & STEPHANNE GRAPELLI Paris Encounter (Atlantic)

Grappelli has the knack, for good or ill is for you to decide, of taking over any group of musicians he plays with and making them sound as though he

recording was made in the 30s. Burton with the Steve Swallow bass, and Bill Goodwin, drums, plays with his usual crystalline brilliance. When he's playing instead of vamping for Stephanie its a joy of an album.

Side 1, Track 1, 'Daphne'—an old Reinhardt tune, very up tempo 30s blab. 2 'Blue In Green'—Miles Davis tune showing off Burton's ability to herd the notes coming off his vibraphone, with Grappelli muting his enthusiasm. 3 'Falling Grace'—Steve Swallows bass counterpoint on this nice swinging track. 4 'Here's That Rainy Day'—an old standard which comes off, both the old and the new, blending well. Burton's dreamy vibes flowing behind Grappelli's muted wistful violin.

Side 2, Track 1, 'Coquette'—The less said the better. 2 'Sweet Rain'—slow, sparkling drizzle from Grappelli. 3 'The Night Has A Thousand Eyes'—see Coquette. 4 'Arpeggio'—one is tempted to say it stinks, ha, ha, but it doesn't. Written by Grappelli it's lightness and sobriety comes through nicely. 5 'Eiderdown'—a Steve Swallow tune, his driving playing in front of Goodwin's careful brush work ends the album on an up note.

The trouble with this album is that the tracks are so short that Burton and the rest don't really have a chance to expand and explore the theme's. A pity. GES COX

THE FIRESIGN THEATRE Waiting for the Electrician or Someone like Him and How Can You be in Two Places at Once When You're Not Anywhere At All (CBS)

With the adventures of those roasting souls Cheech and Chong roasting through the US charts and throwing up those big fat Golden Records, the 'American Majors' (and what could be more Major than big sprawling Columbia?) have roused themselves to the idea of million selling freak comedy records. They've all got one or two acts tucked away that, with the proper encouragement and internal stimulation might just produce another big winner with hot bullets erupting all over it. And of all of them there is nothing to compare with this bunch. Four of 'em with a complicated case history of diverse media tripping, from TV to theatre to soup to nuts. Strange minds big graded thoroughly by

the devious weeds and placed in close proximity to electronic gadgetry and recording devices.

The result is some of the most complex, overlaid, down dubbed and brilliant humour that there is. Each album follows a pattern with a side of weird devastation and a side of lighter things. On 'Electrician' their first album they use side one to zip about in American history, delving into such places as Artful Dodge City, visiting with our sacred cowboy, meeting Tiny Tim and observing the mandatory sun rise light show while the hippies of the collective love farm chant luxury like dull vomit. Occasi- nally the Indians crop up like signposts to the 'Stinking Desert Frontier Memorial and Cobalt Testing Range', for cussing their children are in Indian school learning French Horn, Water Polo and Italian, all the things we need for a better life. On their second record they devote side two to 'The Further Adventures of Nick Danger', a fatefully regressed 1941 radio serial, brought to you by courtesy of Loosers Bros Soap Co. Down in the precinct station they all use Loosers.

The other sides here are devoted more or less strictly to the wider, fraser stuff where they hurtle along, with quick change multi-level questionmarks. On 'Anywhere at All' we have 'Drink To Me With Thine Fox' where the action shifts from selling that brand new automobile to driving it down the North Gomerah freeway, with those speaking road signs, (Antelope Freeway interaction on quarter mile, Antelope Freeway one eighth mile, Antelope Freeway one sixteenth mile, Antelope Freeway one thirty second mile, breath the gentle airport announcer voices), then our driver starts to play with the Du Luv fitted Climate Control and we're in a tropical paradise, then the ancient land of the Pharaohs, speakin' Egyptian in a efficient diagrams. The Firesign started out back in 1966 with broadcasts on various LA radio stations of a programme called 'Radio Free OZ', this then changed to 'The Firesign Theatre Half Hour' and they brought these records out... about the same time, that is 1967. Strangely enough it hasn't aged a bit, I wonder if Cheech and Chong will still be mulling us in the aisles in 1977. I hope so even more I hope that this quartet will still be functioning because truly we will receive what you all deserve.

CHRIS ROWLEY.

FREE MUSICAL COMMUNICATIONS CORNER

Don't be shy of a 3p stamp, write to: 'The Free Musical Communications Corner' c/o 17, 11b Wandour Meus, London W1A 4PP and feel free to advertise yourself, your guitar, amplifiers, rehearsal rooms, names and addresses of agencies, ready formed bands who can't find work, benefit gigs (only), unusual group practices, in fact absolutely everything to do with the development of people's music within our society with aim of strengthening it. All ads printed free. No box nos.

GUITAR player (16), young, keen, looking to jam, into Allmans, Read. Phone Freda on 722 9813

MAD guitarist (semi pro), Hendrix influenced, seeks funky bands. Write Paul Lewis, 24 Gayford Road, Shepherds Bush London W.12.

Shepherds Bush rock, yes.

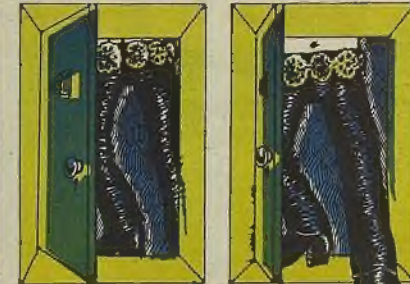
GREAT need for bands, light shows, etc, to play benefits in Rochdale/NW area to aid 'North-West Community Music'. Address: 6a Hunters Lane, Rochdale, Lancs. Beneficiaries should write. Nice guys.

WHEN in West get it on at 'Mudroom' the Lamb Inn, Trowbridge. Sounds, lights, bands, booze, every Thursday max admission 35p. We'd also dig to hear from bands who wanna play, write 30 St. Aldhelm Road, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilt.

GUITARIST, bassist, new to London, needs musicians to blow up. Working for equipment bags of optimism, community centred energy flow, wants to meet other musicians, write Flat 5, Park Mansions, 20 Haringey Park, London N8

CROYDON area, theatric rock band needs organist and rehearsal room (will pay) available for any

THE DOORS—FULL CIRCLE—ELECTRA



WOPOLA

WOPOLA

BOOKS

THE COMING SELF DESTRUCTION OF THE U.S.A. by Alan Seymour (Panther Books)

This is one of the most plausible books I have read on the way in which the USA is going to commit suicide. It blows the lid off the theory that liberalism is the way the American people are going and shows them up for racist fascist pigs. The plot involves the revolt of the Blacks in the USA led by a group of Black Communism freaks. But they've got their shit together and take over cities and run them on Black Communism lines.

The book is written like a diary, selected fragments which a space-age editor has chanced upon while researching into what caused the annihilation of the USA. At all moments, Alan Seymour's prose flows fast and pulsates through your brain, like a decoder, opening new channels of thought. It could happen here or indeed it could just happen. The thought is frightening enough.

Gordian.

MASH COMES TO MAINE by Richard Hooker (Sphere paperback)

Remember a film called MASH which had most people falling over each other with laughter and joy. It was a red hot yellow brick Mornin', and the doctor foursome entertained us all. Now Richard Hooker has taken the doctors back home and tells us how they all get together as surgeons in this little town, man and how they're a bit freaky. But he never gets it together and the book is a bore. The reason for this is simply that whereas the excitement of MASH came more from the probing examinatory detail of the movie, Hooker's book tries to move the plot along to a conclusion at the expense of characterisation and attention to detail.

The result is that the book is only slightly funny, never very interesting and a total waste of reading time. Leave it out fellas.

Gordian.

NIXON'S HEAD by Arthur Woodstone (Olympia Press)

'Of all the men running', said a Rockefeller supporter, commenting on

the 1968 US Presidential elections, 'Richard Nixon is the most dangerous to have as president.' The man in question was Henry Kissinger; he has doubtless changed his tune since, but the truth of the statement has not decreased. Arthur Woodstone has compiled a chilling catalogue of the Pres's statements, deeds and horrific inconsistencies. From his early days as a red-baiter, to his current expediency based wooing of the red and yellow perils, Nixon's career unfolds in all its full mediocrity.

For those who have missed out, Nixon is the two-time loser who struck lucky third time around. Eisenhower's vice president for the fifties, he dropped the 1960 election to Jack Kennedy by what one must admit was relatively few votes, then blew it again when he was thrashed in California gubernatorial contests two years later. In 1964 the Republicans passed him over for Barry Goldwater, but in 1968 Tricky-Dicky, the man whose image was linked to the less successful type of used car salesman—the one's you don't patronise—managed to dump the Hump and win the big one.

Woodstone, who is starting a New York paper called the Brooklyn Record this autumn, traces Dick's career from callowest youth, to mediocre maturity. He reveals in such delightful comments as 'What use are our schools if not to indoctrinate our youth against the communist menace' and 'McCarthy (ace red-baiter and self-appointed scourge of impurity from the State's intentions were right) but his tactics were so inept at times that he probably did our cause more harm than good.' Anyone who has seen the movie 'The Manchurian Candidate' will have no problem relating to another piece of Nixoniana: President Eisenhower, he claimed, 'had fired ninety six percent of the 6,926 Communists, fellow travellers, sex perverts, people with criminal records, dope addicts, drunks and other security risks... hired by the Truman administration.' High point of the early days when Nixon's unspoken but heart-felt motto must have been 'Kill a Commie for Christ', was when Nixon was accused of a little personalised fiddling of the party funds. He delivered a melodramatic piece of rhetoric across the TV screens of the nation that was considered so bad for

his image that only in very recent years has it been seen again, dragged out from hiding by a tenacious journalist. It was on our TV recently. One can see why Nixon tried to expunge all traces of it.

Coozing sincerity like a soap opera vicar, Dick came over, as one critic later put it 'like fatty ham fried in oil'. He denied that his 18,000 dollar fund had been used for anything but legit campaign purposes. 'Stevenson had a fund too... and I believe that it is fine that a man like him who inherited a fortune from his father can run for President...' He spoke of his service record 'not a particularly unusual one... I got a couple of letters but I was just there while the bombs were falling'—not totally accurate, since he didn't arrive in the Pacific, and in quiet areas at that, until 1943 when the toughest fighting had passed by. The classic was the section which gave the speech its name, all about a little dog, called 'by Tricia, she's my youngest girl' by the name of Checkers. 'And the kids love that dog and I just want to say this right now regardless of what they say about it, we're gonna keep it...' Let me say this: I don't believe that I ought to quit,

because I'm not a quitter, and, incidentally, Pat's not a quitter. After all her name was Patricia Ryan and she was born on St. Patrick's Day...' (Bullshit—she was actually born on March 16th, the day before).

Nixon kept to his word. He did not quit. The world in general and the suffering US in particular has him even now, and they will, barring a miracle or a mass reversal of opinion, have him for another four years after November's election. The fashion these days seems to be to praise the Pres, claiming that not only would one buy second hand cars from him, one would be a fool not to take anything else he was handing out. Perhaps it is appeal to the totally mediocre that keeps him on top. No one who has vision or sensitivity would find his blundering ways, always looking for the cheap way out, appealing. The mass of US voters seem to love him. If he misses this time, then he won't be back, but it looks as if Tricky Dick will carry on pontificating. Arthur Woodstone's book won't destroy his chances, but it's worth reading. Nothing like knowing what we're all in for.

Jonathon Green.



REICK!

Maybe I haven't been thinking very lucidly for the past few years when I've sat square eyed in front of the television, watching the serialised sterilized entertainments that were presented to me. That the main object of the exercise was to dull the brain and help the ruling class strengthen its hold on the life styles of the audience was fairly straightforward. The characters who played out their games for your entertainment were mannequins, puppets who lived glamorous lives, full of paper excitement and glycerine emotions: a life style based on the consumption of as many luxuries as possible, a world where one's fellow man was not someone with whom one would feel at peace, and live in harmony, but a deadly rival, over whom the 'successful' man would have to exercise control. The hero's relationship to women was one of outstanding consumerism. The idea came across that women were there to be used and then dropped, an inferior race—a sexual necessity but a social embarrassment. Series such as Jason King, Danger Man, I Spy, Mission Impossible, etc. ... are all sad examples of this aspect of television programming.

Recently, however, the mood has changed and a new type of series has found its way onto the small screen. It started with the Power Game, the oil magnate's world where the power and therefore the attraction passed from the gun to the boardroom. What Big Brother in TV control was trying to tell

you now, was that the world didn't really need any more spies, secret agents, murderous policemen or worldly crime writers. What was needed in the industrial technological economy of the seventies was an influx of a bit of your dear friends: greed and lust for 'legitimate' power.

It has often been my contention, on

stoned evenings of thought and discussion, that modern man is asked to justify himself by his ability to judge others for their ideas and even more so, their actions. All of us judge others privately, we are asked to do so, and can therefore give birth to the strange unnatural notions of right and wrong which pollute society. And, having been educated in the belief that it is our judging of others which gives us our strength, we go out and try to achieve the position where we can judge others with authority. This means that society vindicates our power to judge, and gives the more fortunate a position from which they can act upon their judgements, hire people, fire people, put people down, all because their job justifies this sad and moronic action.

So, now TV is giving us the big business serial, in which it is precisely men who are put in the position of 'judges' who are set up as examples which the TV insidiously asks us to follow. What is sadder still, is that these reprehensible ideals are now being better written. It all started with 'The Main Chance' starring a fascist lawyer, who in the first series was manipulated in such a way as to make him appear human. Then came the 'Organisation', and now the worst of all: the new BBC series set in a merchant bank. Not only was the first episode the most boring piece of dramatic writing which I have ever seen, but the acting rated as the bummer of all times. The whole thing was dim witted, light headed, and excruciating in its pretentiousness. With a great deal of luck I hope that its abysmal quality will mean

that people will switch off. If not false values, and fabricated desires will once again be forced down the viewer's throat and we will be witnessing another round in the ruling class's contest for total control of your mind.

Gordian.



GOD THEY'RE BIG!

NASTY TALES BADGES
AVAILABLE
10p + SAE from
NASTY TALES DEFENCE
11b Wardour Mews, W.1.



ABBEY WOOD CHAPTER
Box 5, 1 Conference Road,
Abbey Wood, London SE2.
(Central Co-ordination Chapter)

ROCHDALE CHAPTER
Beautiful Stranger,
Rochdale Information Point
6a Hunters Lane,
Rochdale, Lancs.

CROYDON AND BROMLEY
45 Sylvan Rd. London, S.E.19.

ILFORD CHAPTER
Box 3, 59 Sebastian Court
Meadow Road,
Barking, Essex.

GLASGOW CHAPTER
c/o Skell The Burrow
24 St Vincents Crescent
Glasgow C3.

NORTH SUSSEX CHAPTER
c/o Roger Hayes,
22 Campbell Crescent,
East Grinstead, Sussex.

WHITE PANTHER STREET BAND
(Steve Gilmore/Ray Birch/illustrations
friends)

are ready and waitin' to play at
local gigs for expenses (no less).
Ring Chris L. Urca 01 889 2884

PUBLIC SCHOOLS LIBERATION

The end of the summer term is when all
dissenting "A" level candidates (about
to leave) can do something to justify
their school career.

If you want to organise some form of
protest or are IN ANY WAY INTEREST-
ED or CONCERNED with conditions in
public schools PLEASE WRITE AT
ONCE to: Public Schools Lib, "Children's
Rights," 5 Stewarts Grove, London SW3
(including names of suitable friends at
other schools).

TINA 21 SWEDEN
DIANNE 22 BRITAIN
MICHELLE 21 FRANCE
KEITH 21 BRITAIN

Four beautiful people who want to
message you at your home or hotel.
Phone them now—you'll never find
better.

272 8032 (noon-midnight only)

GAY MAGS

1. All Male Contact Magazine —
covers all the U.K. Hundreds
of ads. Sample copy £1.00.
2. Imported American magazines —
male action photographs cover
to cover. Sample copy £3.00
Two different for £5.00.

Fast service under plain cover.
Suburban Publishing, Dept 17,
130 Godwin Road, London E.7.

PERFUME ESSENTIAL OILS

per 1 oz. per 2 dram
bottle bottle

Bergamot (art).
Jasmin (art).
Patchouli.
Sandalwood.
Violet (art).

Cassia.
Castoreum (art).
Civet. Compound.
Geraniol.
Lavender.

Aniseed.
Cinnamon.
Clay.

Campor.
Cedarwood.
Methyl Eucalypt.
Wintergreen.

Plus 5p per bottle post and packing from

STAR CHILD, 43 Shirley Rd.

Luton, Beds.

NEW ORCHESTRA GROUPS

are getting together
in the following places:

Plymouth: c/o Brian
Colling, Community
Workshop, 14-17 Manor
Street, Stonehouse,
Plymouth, Devon.
Godalming: c/o Ray
Taylor, 13 Springfield,
Elstead, Godalming,
Surrey.
Oxford: c/o Peter Cooke
98 Woodstock Road,
Oxford.
Hampstead: c/o Chris
Bell, 40 Arkwright Rd.,
N.W.3, (435 0413).
Aberdeen: c/o Dave
Rothnie, 58 Hazlehead
Gdns, Aberdeen AB1 8EA.

ACADEMY BOOKSHOP

Our new basement will shortly be opened
with an even greater selection of paperbacks
and books on philosophy, psychology and
the occult.

Open 9.30 - 7.00 Mon - Sat.
7 Holland Street, London W.1.
Tel: 01 937 3149

Van removals Electric Typing
Baby-sitting Filming Teaching
Journalism Graphics Writing
Musicians Poets Design
Decorating Models Artists
Help & Advice Carpentry

Gentle Ghost is an alternative service
to the community. 01 603 8581.
Stop messing—use Gentle Ghost!!!!

ACADEMY EDITIONS

Available now from all aware bookshops:

Psychodetic Baby Reaches Puberty by
Peter Stafford. The first in-depth sociological
examination of L.S.D. (£1.95 cloth).

The Psychodetic Experience by Leary/
Metzner/Alpert. Guidance for all levels of
consciousness during a psychodetic session
(£1.25 paper, £2.50 cloth).

Tantra: The Yoga of Sex by Omar Garrison.
The first clear guide to the Hindu cult of
ecstasy (£1.50 paper, £2.50 cloth).

SHOTS: Photographs from the Under-
ground Press. See what you have read about.
(£1.75 paper).

Anthropods by Jim Burns. New design
futurists for new living. (£2.25 paper).

ACADEMY EDITIONS
7 Holland Street, London W.1.

Sat 9th

2.30 Some Like It Hot
4.40 The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes
7.00 Some Like It Hot
9.10 The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes
11.15 Gather No Moss/Chickens Go Home

Sunday 10th

4.00 Start the Revolution Without Me
5.35 The Illustrated Man
7.25 Start the Revolution Without Me
9.00 The Illustrated Man

10.45 Yellow Submarine

Mon 11th

7.30 Start the Revolution Without Me
9.05 The Illustrated Man

Tues 12th/Wed 13th

7.30 Start the Revolution Without Me
9.05 The Illustrated Man
11.00 The Manchurian Candidate.

MAN TO MAN

FREE GAY MAGAZINE

with your first order! Finest selection of
Male/Male GAY PORNO in Europe. Chosen
from hundreds of gay magazines and 6 mm
colour films. Send 20p postal order today
for Pelly Illustrated Catalogue.

LUX PUBLICATIONS (Dept 13)
PO Box 10269, Amsterdam, HOLLAND.
(Use 5p stamp please).

ORGY FILMS & MAGAZINES

ORGY ACTION: Nude men and
women in OUTRAGEOUS SEX
ACTS! Beautiful, uncensored, &
totally real! Finest PORNO in
all Europe. Send 20p Postal Order
for photo-illustrated CATALOGUE
plus FREE MAGAZINE coupon, to
NETCO (Dept. IT.), PO Box 10149,
Amsterdam, HOLLAND.

(Use a 5p stamp for Holland)

AGITPROP BOOKSHOP

Revolution starts with information.

Information is available to every-
body from: Agitprop Bookshop,
248 Bethnal Green Road, E.2.
(01-739 1704)

Children's Rights 15p
Bust Book 26p
War of the Flea 40p
Who Killed Stephen
McCarthy? 10p
The Sexual Struggle
of Youth (Reich) 37p

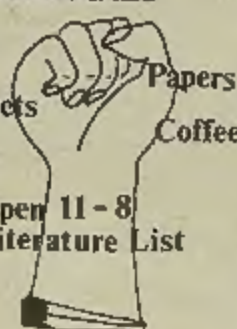
Free literature list for L.L.B.

Books

Pamphlets

Info

Shop Open 11 - 8
Free Literature List



EXCITING SEX OFFERS!

PICTURES

All guaranteed unretouched, unces-
sored, young female nudes. Bundles, each
containing at least 200 different, £1 plus
20p p&p.

BOOKS

English Sex Techniques—covers all the
oral and intercourse positions, in real life
action photos (unretouched). Cover price
£5.25—our price £1.50.
Nude Girls (Unretouched)—packed
novels to cover with naked girls. Seductive
women as they really are with nothing
obscured, shielded or masked. Cover
price £2—our price £1.
Swedish Sex Models—an uncensored
look at two 'Swedish' blue-movie
Queens. Cover price £1.50—our price £1.
Also: Black and white Sex Climax Buxom
Striptease Exposé, Swedish School girl
Sex Kittens, Porn Exposé (Confessions of
a blonde movie star), £1 each or all 4 books
£3.

SEXFRIENDS

Britain's largest contact and wife-
rapper mag. Cover price £1. Sample
copy 60p.

VIBRATORS

Approx 8" long, 2" cbc. Just £1.20
post free, why pay more?

NUDE PLAYING CARDS

Sexual Ecstasy in pictures. Full colour
full figure shots, £1 a pack.

SENSATION PUBLICATIONS (IT),
70 Woodhouse Road, Leytonstone,
London E.11.

INDIGO OVERLAND
to INDIA & KATHMANDU
(land border now open)

Persia-Afghanistan and Kashmir £79.

Departures 9 September, 14 October,
30 October 1972 and monthly in 1973.

to Morocco (London-Sahara-London)
3 week trip—departures 12 August,
27 October, 15 December.

Further details—Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland

Indigo Overland



24-hr HELP

FREE INFORMATION SERVICE.
141 Westbourne Park Road,
London W11

01-229 8219

BIT desperately needs crash pads—
we're having to turn people away.
We also need green shield stamps,
cigarette coupons, spare change?

YOUNG LADY

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER has
for sale UNUSUAL PHOTOS AND
FILMS. Adults only, details free.
Send only SAE to Miss V Phillips,
Dept 17, PO Box 804, 626 High
Road, Chislewick, W.4.

meat

RECORDS AT DISCOUNT
11 Grosvenor Place South,
Cheltenham

free from



Everything ripens at its Time & becomes Fruit at its hour.

Revelations, a musical anthology for Glastonbury Fayre featuring original material from The Grateful Dead, Brinsley Schwarz, Mighty Baby, Marc Bolan, Pete Townshend, David Bowie, Hawkwind, Skin Alley, Daavid Allen & Gong, Pink Fairies, Edgar Broughton Band & poster, pyramid, booklet and lots more. £3.99 for three record set.



LIMITED OFFER ONLY

Said EA BD for a year's subscription
and IT and receive, absolutely free.

• **copy of REVELATIONS—An Anthology for Glensidebury Fawcett (single album). Offer valid in the UK only, on the coupon below.**

NAME
ADDRESS

Flush me my free introductory copy of
REVELATIONS, I enclose £4.50 cheque/PO
made out to 'Bishop
(Publications) Ltd'.

Revelation Enterprises Limited.



IT/137 9-23 September
1972 15p.

